Entertain Me

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Entertain Me

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Summary

> “Look who's home, finally. Could have been making out on the new couch on the veranda, but nooooo, you wanted to stare at squiggly lines on canvases. I could draw better when I had encephalitis.”
>
> Will is drunk and adorable, and Hannibal is so in love that it is gross.

Notes

> Drunk!Will as requested :)

See the end of the work for more notes

“I hate this,” Will mutters into his glass of bourbon. Hannibal excused himself from his conversation to join his husband on the sidelines. “We could have spent this evening at home, in bed, but *no,* we’re at an art gallery, pretending to like this junk. And don’t give me that look, you don’t like modern art, either.”

“It is not my preferred style of art,” Hannibal agrees, slipping his hand into Will’s. “But I was offered an invitation to the opening-”

“And you wanted to show me off as your ‘plus one’, how *clever* of you,” Will retorts, but there is a lightness in his eyes even as he sighs and leans in closer. “Only one problem.”

“What would that be?”

“I am bored *shitless,”* Will whispers before taking another sip of his drink. “Can we leave?”

“We’ve only been here for forty-five minutes, Will.”

“But we could go home and have a better time there,” Will suggest, raising an eyebrow to be purposefully alluring. It is a rather convincing argument, Hannibal would admit. But tonight he has to keep up his appearances, and as much as he would enjoy a quiet evening at home, he promised to be here for a decent amount of time.

“If you would like, Will, you may return home, and I’ll rejoin you in two hours.”

Will laughs a little, setting his glass on the tray beside him before fixing his husband with a look. “I’m going to take you up on that offer because I can’t stand it here. Too much pretentiousness, I hate it.”

“You ridicule me on *my* perceived ‘pretentiousness’ on a regular basis, how is this any different?”

“Because you really *are* this pretentious, everyone else here is faking,” Will retorts, smiling as he kisses him on the cheek. “Don’t have too much fun without me.”

The opening is a bore on all fronts, and Hannibal manages to get the caterer’s business card (the tempura was absolutely hideous) before going back home two hours later. And the first thing he notices when he opens the front door is the low hum of the rarely-used television, and a hand reaching up from the couch and lazily beckons him closer.

“Look who's home, *finally.* Could have been making out on the new couch on the veranda, but *nooooo,* you wanted to stare at squiggly lines on canvases. I could draw better when I had encephalitis.”

Hannibal comes around to the front of the couch, loosening his tie and notes with amusement the display before him. Will, sprawled out on the couch with a far-too-pleased smirk on his face as his feet are all over the fabric, two empty bottles of alcohol beside him.

“Are you drunk, Will?”

“Well, I was bored, Dok-*tor,* so it sounded like a great idea. Now you’re here, so *you* entertain me,” he demands, tilting his head back over the arm of the couch, arching his spine as he does so. Hannibal has the urge to draw that curve in graphic detail. Instead, he smiles.

“How am I to entertain you, then?” he asks. Will looks like he’s thinking before he smirks again.

“Undo the vest,” he orders, lifting up the half-full glass from the coffee table. He laughs at the raised eyebrow he receives from Hannibal. “Aw, come on, *please?* Are you going to *deny* me something? You *said* that you’d give me anything I wanted, were you *lying* to me?”

Hannibal sighs in mock annoyance, but complies with Will’s request, undoing the buttons on his vest.

“That’s nice,” Will sighs, finishing the rest of his drink. “Now roll up your sleeves and sit next to me.”

“Why must I roll up my sleeves?”

“Because I *like* that,” Will replies simply, pushing himself back up onto his elbows, grinning in sheer delight. It had taken far too long for the both of them to get to this point, Hannibal wasn’t going to let that expression leave his face, so he did as Will commanded and joined him on the couch. Will sat up fully, eyes a little hazy as he moves closer and practically falls against him, head resting on his shoulder. “Oops.”

“You have nothing to apologize for,” Hannibal says warmly, adjusting his seating position so that Will could curl up closer, nose bumping against his jawline.

“How was the art that was more important than *me?”* Will asks, his hand coming to rest on Hannibal’s knee.

“Nothing is more important than you, Will.”

“Then we should have stayed home tonight, so you could make me dinner and entertain me.”

“Am I to be your servant?”

“Of course,” Will smiles, kissing his cheek. “But it’s alright, because I know you fucking love being domestic.”

“Watch your mouth.”

“You love that, too. Face it, you’re screwed when it comes to me, you didn't even tell me to move my feet off the couch,” Will grins, nuzzling his right cheekbone. “You’d let me do

anything I wanted."

"Perhaps," Hannibal smiles back, resting his own hand on Will's knee as he wraps his other arm around his husband's middle. "Am I cursed to be at your beck and call for eternity?"

"Pssh, *cursed,* so *rude,* Hannibal, first you spend all your time with bad art, then you make *fun* of me. Should push you off the couch, onto the floor, into the dog hair."

"Any particular reason you are not doing such a heinous act?"

"'Cause I want you," Will says, voice breathy with a hint of tease as he squeezes his knee. Hannibal smirked as he removes his hand from Will's middle to tangle it his hair instead. "Pretty please?"

Hannibal can never resist that phrase. He moves the hand touching Will's knee and instead places it on Will's hip, gripping it tightly and turning his neck to capture his lips in a kiss. Will lets out a soft, surprised noise and then returns the kiss eagerly, scooting closer and closer as the kiss deepens, until he's sitting in Hannibal's lap. When they break for air, he presses his forehead against Hannibal's, and sighs in bliss.

"You're so *warm,"* he murmurs. "I want more."

"Do you? Spoiled thing."

"Your fault for spoiling me," Will giggled, actually giggled, feeling light and heady from the alcohol and the intimate contact. Hannibal chuckles as well, and Will kisses him again and lets out another sigh as Hannibal returns the kiss and rubs his fingers in little circles at the tension spots in Will's shoulders before slowly moving down his back. By time he reaches the base of Will's spine, Will is aware of how drunk he is, with his eyes feeling too heavy to keep open, and how much he doesn't want Hannibal to stop.

"I know what you need," Hannibal purrs in that tone that makes Will glad that he's sitting down, it makes his knees buckle. "Shall I give it to you?"

"Yeah," Will breathed out, eyes abruptly snapping open when he feels himself begin abruptly picked up and moved to the other side of the couch.

"A glass of water, I doubt you are properly hydrated and will suffer from a far worse hangover than necessary," sounds Hannibal's smug tone. Will groans as he sits back up, readjusting his vision as the world tilts back and forth.

"Bastard, *fuck* you," he mutters, even though he accepts the glass of water and downs it.

"Perhaps in the morning, but for now, I think we should both go upstairs and sleep, instead."

Will makes a halfhearted attempt to glare, but it's difficult when he can feel that his eyes are slightly glazed over. "'Course *now* you develop an ethics code."

Hannibal laughs a little, taking the empty glass back to the kitchen with him before returning to his sulking husband on the couch.

“Upstairs, Will, you need to rest.”

Will’s arms are folded across his chest in a petulant stance as he looked up, lips curled in a pout. “Carry me,” he challenges. Hannibal’s eyes sparkle with amusement, and he steps forward and picks him up into his arms. Will squirms in his grasp until he’s comfortable. Hannibal gives him one more quick kiss, which Will returns before trying to roll his eyes.

“Good luck touching me at *all* in the morning.”

End Notes

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